MY SUNDAY AT HOME.

BY Rudvard Kipling.

"If the red slayer think he slays. Or if the slain think he is slain, They know not well the subtle ways I keep, and pass, and turn again."

(Copyright, 1895, by Rudyard Kipling.) It was the unreproducible slid "r" as he said this was his "fy-ist" visit to England, that told me he was a when, in the course of our long, lazy journey westward from Waterloo, he enlarged upon the beauties of his city, J. professing ignorance, said no word. He had, amazed and delighted at the man's civility, given the London porter a shilling for carrying his bag nearly 50 yards; he had thoroughly investigated the first-class lavatory compartment, which the London and Southwestern sometimes supply without extra charge and now, half-awed, half-contemptuous, but wholly interested, he looked out upon the ordered English landscape wrapped in its Sunday peace, while I watched the wonder grow upon his face. Why were the cars so short and stilted? Why had every other freight car a tarpaulin drawn so short and stilled? Why had every other freight car a taroaulin drawn over it? What wages would the engineer get, now? Where was the swarming population of Engiand he had read so much about? What was the rank of all those men on tricycles along the roads? What was the idea of the brass and iron-tipped shinny-sticks that were lying in tanned canvas bags on Wimbledon platform? When were we due bledon platform? When were we due

at Plymouth?
I told him all I knew, and very much that I did not. He was going to Plymouth to assist in a consultation upon a fellow-countryman who had retired to a place called The Hoe—was that up town or down town?—to recover from nervous dyspensia. Yes, he himself was a doctor by profession, and how anyone in England could retain any nervous disorder, passed his comprehension. Never had he dreamed of an atmosphere so soothing. Even the deep rumble of London traffic was monastical by comparison of some cities he could name and the country—Why.

I told him all I knew, and very my life."

Turning to me the doctor lowered that fool conduc—guard was saying that tool conduc—guard was saying that fool conduc—guard was saying this plece. I've fixed him, though. The stuff's due in about five minutes, but there's a heap of him. I don't see how we can make him take exercise."

For the might have died while that fool conduc—guard was saying this plece. I've fixed him, though. The stuff's due in about five minutes, but there's a heap of him. I don't see how we can make him take exercise."

For the moment I felt as though several pounds of crushed lee had been neatly applied in the foom of a comparison of some cities.

"How—how did you manage it?" I gasped.

"I asked him if he'd have a drink. He was knocking spots out of the car

deen rumble of London traffic was monastical by comparison of some cities he could name; and the country—Why, it was Paradise! A continuance of it, he confessed, would drive him mad; but for a few months it was the most sumptuous rest-cure in his knowledge.

"Til come over every year after this," he said, in a burst of delight, as we ran between two 10-foot hedges of pink and white may, "It's seeing all the things I've read about of course, it doesn't strike you that way, I presume you belong here? What a finished land k is! It's arrived. Must have been born this way, Now where I used to live at Portchester—Hello! What's up?"

"I asked him if he'd have a drink. "I sake him if he'd have a drink. The was knocking spots out of the car—strength of his constitution, I sup—strength The train stopped in a blaze of sun-

two platforms, and an overhead bridge without even the usual siding. I had sever known the lowest of locals stop here known the lowest of locals stop here before; but on Sunday all things are possible One could hear the drone of conversation along the carriages, and scarcely less loud, the drone of bumble bees in the wall flowers up the bank. My companion thrust his head through the window and snifted lux-Where are we now?" said he.

from Woking awful, an', now I come to think of it, I'm nearly sure I put a bot-tic of medicine off at Andover."
"Then the man that took the poison

isn't in the train?" isn't in the train?"
"Lord, no, sir. No one didn't take poison that way. 'E took it away with 'im, in 'is 'ands. 'E's wirin' from Wokin'. My orders was to ask everybody in the train, and I 'ave, an' we're four minutes late now. Are you comin' on, sir? No? Right be'ind!"

There is nothing, unless, perhaps, the There is nothing, unless, pernaps, the English language, more terrible than the workings of an English rallway line. But an instant before it seemed as though we were going to spend all eternity at Framlynghame Admiral, and now I was watching the tail of the train disappear round the curve of the cutting.

train disappear round the curve of the outting.

Yet I was not alone. On the one bench of the down platform sat the largest navvy I have ever seen in my life; softened and made affable (for he smiled generously) with liquor. In his huge hands he nursed an empty tumbler, marked L. & S. W. R.—marked also internally with streaks of bluegrey sediment. Before him, a hand on his shoulder, stood the doctor, and as I came within earshot, this is what I heard him say; "Just you hold on to your patience for a minute or two longer, and you'll be as right as ever you were in your life. I'll stay with you till you're 'setter."

"Lord! I'm comfortable enough," said the navvy; "never felt better in my life."

Turning to me the doctor lowered

"We'll get another before sundown, if that's your only trouble. Say, porter, when's the next train down?"

"Seven forty-five," said the one porter, and passed out through the wicket gate into the landscape. It was then 329 of a hot and sleepy afternoon, The station was absolutely deserted. The navvy had closed his eyes, and now nodded.

"That's bad," said the doctor. "The man, I mean, not the train. We must make him walk somehow—walk up and down."

Swiftly as might be, I explained the delicacy of the stituation, and the doctor from New York turned a full bronze-green. hen he swore comprehensively at the entire fabric of our hensively at the entire fabric of our hensively at the entire fabric of our You'll be all right in half an hour. glorious constitution; cursing the Eng-lish language, root, branch and para-digm, through its most obscure deriv-atives. His coat and bag lay on the beach next to the sleeper. Thither he edged cautiously, and I saw treachery in his ave

our acts run eternal through time and through space. If we impinge never so slightly upon the life of a fellow mortal, the touch of our personality, like the ripple of a stone cast into a pond, widens and widens in unending circles across the aeons, till the far-off gods themselves cannot say where action ceases. Also, it was I who had silently set before the doctor the tumbler of the first class lavatory compartment now speeding Plymouthward. Yet I was, in spirit at least, 1,000,000 leagues removed from that unhappy man of another nationality, who had chosen to trust an inexpert finger into the workings of an alien life. The machinery was dragging him up and down the sun-lit platform. The two men seemed to be learning polka-mazurkas together, and the burden of their song, borne by one deep voice, was:

men scened to be learning polka-mizurkas together, and the burden of their
song, borne by one deep voice, was:
"What did you give me the drink for?"
I saw the flash of silver in the doctor's hand. The navvy took it, and
pocketed it with his left; but never
for an instant did his strong right
leave the doctor's coat-collar, and as
the crisis approached, louder and
louder rose his bull-like roar: "What
did you give me the drink for?"

They drifted under the great 12-inch
pinned timbers of the foot-bridge
towards the bench and I gathered, the
time was very near at hand. The stuff
was getting in its work. Blue, white
and blue again, rolled over the navvy's
face in waves, till all settled to one
rich clay-bank yellow and—that fell
which fell.

I thought of the blowing up of Hell.

which fell.

I thought of the blowing up of Hell-gate; of the geysers in the Yellowstone park; of Jonah and the whale; but the lively original, as I watched it foreshortened from above, exceeded all these things. He staggered to the bench, the heavy wooden seat champed with iron cramps into the enduring stone, and clung there with his left hand. It quivered and shook, as a breakwater pile quivers to the rush of landward racing seas; nor was there lacking when he caught his breath the "scream of a maddened beach dragged down by the tide." His right hand was upon the doctor's coliar, so that

dragged down by the tide." His right hand was upon the doctor's coliar, so that the two shook to one paroxysm, pendulums vibrating together, while I apart, shook with them.

It was collosal, immense, but of certain manifestations the English language stops short. French only, the caryatid French of Victor Hugo, would have described it; so I mourned while I laughed, hastily shuffling and discarding inadequate adjectives. The vehemence of the shock spent itself, and the sufferer half fell, half knelt across the bench. He was calling now upon God and his wife, huskily, as the wounded buil calls upon the unscathed wounded bull calls upon the unscattled herd to stay. Curiously enough, he used no bad language; that had gone from him with the rest. The doctor exhibited gold. It was taken and re-tained. So, too, was the grip on the coat sollar. "If I could stand," boomed the giant,

"If I could stand," becomed the giant, despairingly, "I'd smash you-you an' your drinks. I'm dyin'-dyin'."
"That's what you think," said the doctor. "You'll find it will do you a lot of good," and making a virtue out of a somewhat imperative necessity, he added, "I'll stay by you. If you'd let go of me a minute I'd give you something that would settle you."
"You've settled me now you damned."

something that would settle you."

"You've settled me now, you damned anarchist. Takin' the bread out of the mouth of an English workin' man! But I'll keep 'old of you till I'm well or dead. I never did you no 'arm. S'pose I were a little full. They pumped me out once at Guy's with a stummick-pump. I could see that, but I can't see this 'ere, an' it's killin' of me by slow degrees."

"You'll be all right in half an hour.
What do you suppose I'd want to kill
you for?" said the doctor, who came of
a logical breed.
"'Ow do I know? Tell 'em in court.

out of sight. Linnaeus had thanked God on his bended knees when he first saw a field of it; and, by the way, the navvy was on his knees, too. But he was by no means praying. He was purely disgustful.

The doctor was compelled to bend over him, his face toward the back of the seat, and from what I had seen, I supposed the navvy was now dead. If that were the case, it would be time for me to go, but I knew that so long as a man trusts himself to the current of circumstances, reaching out for and rejecting nothing that comes his way, no harm can overtake him. It is the contriver, the schemer, who is caught by the law, and never the philosopher. I knew that when the play was played, destiny herself would move me on from the corpse, and I felt very sorry for the doctor.

In the far distance, presumably upon the road that led to Framiyaghame Admiral, there appeared a vehicle and

else. For the rest I owned my deeply interested soul.

The doctor, by the seat, turned so far as his cramped position allowed, his head over its left shoulder, and laid his right hand upon his lips. I threw back my hat and elevated my eyebrows in the form of a question. The doctor shut his eyes and nodded his head slowly twice or thrice, beckoning me to come. I descended cautiously, and it was as the signs had told. The navvy was asiesp, empty to the lowest notoh; yet his hand clutched still the doctor's collar, and at the lightest movement (the doctor was really very cramped), tightened mechanically as the hand of a sick woman tightens on that of the watcher. He had dropped, squatting almost upon his heels, and falling lower, had dragged the doctor over to the left.

The doctor thrust his right hand, which was free, into his pocket, drew forth some keys, and shook his head.

The navvy gurgled in his sleep. Silently I dived into my pocket, took out one sovereign and held it up between finger and thumh. Again the doctor shook his head. Money was not what was lacking to fils peace. His bag had fallen from the seat to the ground. He looked towards it, and opened his mouth—O-shape: The catch was not a difficult one, and when I had mastered it, the doctor's right fore-finger was sawing the air. With an immense caution, I extracted from the bag such a knife as they use for cutting collops off legs. The doctor frowned, and with his first and second fingers imitated the action of scissors. Again I scarched and found a most diabolical pair of cock-nosed seissors, capable of vandyking the interiors of elephants. The doctor then slowly lowered his left shoulder till the navvy's right wrist was supported by the bench, pausing a moment as the spent volcano rumbled anew. Lower and lower the doctor sunk, kneeling now by the navy's side, till his head was on a level with and just in front of the great hairy fist and—there was no tension on the coat collar. Then light dawned on me. Beginning a little to the right of the

t side, till his head was on a level with and just in front of the great hairy fist and—there was no tension on the coat collar. Then light dawned on me. Beginning a little to the right of the spinal column, I cut a huge demi-lune out of his new spring overcoat, bringing it round as far under his left side (which was the right side of the navivy), as I dared. Passing thence swiftly to the back of the seat, and reaching between the spines. I sawed through the silk-faced front of the left-hand side of the coat, till the two cuts joined.

Cautiously as the box-turtle of his native heath, the doctor drew away sideways and to the right with the air of a frustrated burglar coming out from under a bed, and stood up free—one black diagonal shoulder projecting through the gray of his ruined overcoat. I returned the scissors to the bag, snapped the catch, and held all out to him as the wheels of the fly rung hollow under the railway arch. I came at a foot-pace pust the wick-et-gate of the station, and the doctor stooned it with a whisper. It was you

per chamber in which the Foresters held their courts, for the laughter was not all out of me. A bewildered woman brought me ham and exas, and I leaned out of the mullioned window, and laughed between mouthfuls. I sat long above the beer and the perfect smoke that followed, till the light changed in the quiet atreet, and I began to think of the I:45 down, and all that world of Arabian Nights I had quitted.

that world of Arabian Nights I had quited.

Descending I passed a giant in moleskins who filled the low-celled taproom. Many empty plates stood before him, and beyond them a fringe of the Framlynghame Admiralty, to whom he was unfolding a wondrous tale of anarchy, of body-snatching, of bribery, and the Valley of the Shadow from the which he was but newly risen. And as he talked he eat, and as he talked he eat, and as he eat he drank, for there was much room in him; and anon he paid royally, speaking of justice and law, before whom all Englishmen are equal, and all foreigners and anarchists vermin and slime.

from the corpse, and I felt very sorry for the doctor.

In the far distance, presumably upon the road that led to Framlyngham Admiral, there appeared a vehicle and a horse—the one ancient fly that simost every village can produce at need. The thing was advancing, unpaid by me, toward the station; would have to pass along the deep-cut lane, below the railway bridge, and come out on the doctor's side. I was in the centre of things, so all sides were alike to me. Here, then, was my machine from the machine. When it arrived, something would happen or something else. For the rest I owned my deeply interested soul.

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"Get away, you're drunk," said the

driver.
"I'm not." said the navvy. "I've been waitin' 'ere hours and hours.
Come out, you beggar inside there." "Go on, driver," said a voice I did not know-a crisp, clear, English voice. "All right," said the navvy. "You wouldn't 'ear me when I was polite. Now will you come?"

Now will you come?"

There was a chasm in the side of the fly, for he had wrenched the door bodily off its hingss, and was feeling within purposefully. A well booted leg rewarded him, and there came out, not with delight, hopping on one foot, a round and grey-haired Englishman, from whose arm-pits dropped hymn books, but from his mouth an altogether different service of song.
"Come on, you bloomin' body-snatch-

"Come on, you bloomin' body-snatch-er. You thought I was dead, did you?" roared the navvy. And the respectable gentleman came accord-

respectable gentleman came accordingly, inarticulate with rage.

"Ere's a man murderin' the squire," the driver shouted, and fell from his box upon the navvy's neck.

To do them justice, the people of Framlynhame Admiral, so many as were on the platform, rallied to the call in the best spirit of feudalism. It was the one porter who beat the navvy on the nose with a ticket-purch.

the American ages before, and leaped

the American ages before, and leaped upon the platform crying: "Can I be of any service? I'm a doctor."

From the lamp room I heard a wearied voice wailing: "Another bloomin' doctor!" and the 7-t5 carried me on, a step nearer to eternity, by the road that is worn and seamed and channeled with the passions, and weaknesses, and warring interests of man who is immortal and master of his fate.

bloomly been the wall through any though and suited and

the trees are to be of secondary im-portance, do not plant them! It will be cheaper to leave them in the

the American ages before, and leaped upon the platform crying; "Can I be of secretary that is declared to severe the part of the passions, and the right carried booming doctor," and the righ carried booming doctor, and the right passion, and the right passion, and the right passion, and therefore do not settle and the owner may find at the end of such that the right carried booming doctor, and the right passion, and the right passion and the right passion, and the right passion, and the right passion and the right passion, and t

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Men's Good Every-Day Pants, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25.

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